Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

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FOR AN ALBUM.

BY IDA WHIPPLE BENHAM.

The marble waits the sculptor
In the quarry dark and dim;
The music waits the master
In the organ and the hymn.

The glorious diapason
To the hand unskilled is dumb;
And the stone must wait forever
If the sculptor do not come.

Thou art the sculptor, Wilfred,
Life is the quarry dim!
Life is the noble organ
With its waiting altar hymn!

Carve thou the marble bravely,
For all its hidden worth;
And strike the slumbering concords
For the listening hearts of earth!

BETTINA.

BY MARY HARRIOTT NORRIS.

TRUTH is stranger than fiction, says the proverb. I am going to tell you a true story, and perhaps you will remember it better, if for no other reason, just because Bettina lived and grew up in the great city where OUR YOUTH is published.

Bettina was one of four sisters who all had long, high-sounding names—such as Constantina, Fredericka, Lucretia; but these four girls were the simplest, sweetest little maidens when I first knew them. Their brown eyes gladdened with the brightest smiles when I asked them how the little Victor, or the taller Conrad, or the twins Dorothea and August were.

They had a way, these sisters, of taking a bit of my dress in their fingers and clasping it lovingly, as if it were I. Constantina would lay her head against my arm, and smile up into my eyes, and then gently close her smooth white lids as if she were quite too happy for expression. Such a kitten as she was! Fredericka would slip her fat hand into mine, sometimes, when I would be passing her quickly, but, no matter what the hurry, I would feel constrained to stop and kiss her, and give her hand a squeeze of sympathy. Lucretia was taller and rounder than the others, and with her full cheeks, and large, practical, kindly, gentle eyes, made me think of Flemish Madonnas, and of the deftness with which she doubtless poised in her large, firm hands Dorothea or August.

But my heart had a vagrant fondness for Bettina, the flower of the little flock, whose thin and melancholy little face, lighted with a glorious pair of the most pathetic eyes I have ever seen, appealed mutely and always effectively with me, for affection and approbation.

It was as school-girls I first knew the sisters, and I used to smile quietly to myself when I would hear other girls say that Bettina Hermann had such long arms and such a pointed chin, and was such a book-worm that they had no patience with her. Ah, I would say to myself, she is the black swan—you cannot understand her—yet.

But, if I had some thought in their lessons in which to reveal subtle beauties, it was to Bettina that I turned for a responsive smile, an illumination of the brow, a pathetic softening of the delicate contour of cheeks and chin. It was Bettina's little frame from among all those ninety girls that trembled to music, that quivered from a kiss she wanted, and yet with all its fragility and sensitiveness found no task impossible assigned by one whom she loved. After a while Bettina's class, without a word from me, knew that her sweetness was allied to strength, that her docility was because of her perfect faith in her superiors, and that her gentleness was simply the excess of her passion of mind and heart. She became like a globule of electric light to them all, a lambent radiance in the midst of them—their leader, their suggester—and yet she was so humble that it was months before they fully guessed that Bettina was the one who asked the brightest questions, wrote the best compositions—was, in short, a finely unconscious, original girl in all that she did.

School-girls are pretty just, and until they begin to go into society too much they are hero-worshipers. Bettina's class, in short, ended in worshiping her, in thinking that even her long, slender fingers were in some way brimful of fine thought, that her listening ear always caught the choicest strain, and her fluent pen always translated hidden beauty.

The upper class walked properly, with their hands demurely folded in front of them, their eyes lifeless and dignified, their views on every one who had ever lived or was living critical, their lessons pretty well learned, and their indifference supreme as to whether they were tardy or absent—or wise!—for they were sixteen and seventeen and getting ready to be "rose-buds" or *débutantes*. Whatever else might be left undone, it would never do by the time they were eighteen to blush uncontrollably, to break into girlish enthusiasm over simplicities, or to be so ingenuous as to be ever caught at a disadvantage. Very few girls in a fashionable New York school can go safely through those two preparatory society years without losing for a time most of their sweetness and much of their sense. When they get to be twenty the sense begins to return—sometimes—but the girlish sweetness never comes back.

Well, Bettina was only fourteen, and seemed older than Lucretia, who was fifteen. I used to feel glad that these girls were too poor to be able to plunge into all the whirl the other girls anticipated—that the fancied bliss of lunches with nine or ten courses, a half-dozen receptions after, and a theater party in the evening with a supper at Delmonico's, or a dance, by way of conclusion, would be events of such rarity in their lives that they would not be likely to be spoiled.

Dr. Hermann, Bettina's father, was the musical professor in the school. He supported his large family with the salary he received, which was a small one for their needs—a thousand dollars. But the whole family lived in a glory of anticipation, the contagion of which spread to would-be practical people, resist it as they might.

Dr. Hermann was also studying medicine, and Constantina and Fredericka, Lucretia and Bettina were never weary of telling me where their tall, thin father, with his short sight and reddish hair and beard, stood in his course—how Dr. This and Dr. That were sure that he would be a great phy-

sician, and how *they* knew he would. Then they would whisper to me as a secret, but with such smiles of motherly gratification, what planning they had at home to make papa eat steak when the rest only had bread and butter, and how their mamma pretended to have gotten tired of tea and coffee so that she could save enough to buy the professor a pair of stylish shoes—"For you know it wont do for him to look shabby," said Bettina, softly; "and we all have such good appetites, even mamma, that we can eat any thing!"

I used to look at Dr. Hermann sometimes, and my heart misgave me. It was true he was completing his last year, and that, having taken a medical course in Germany, as well as being a university-bred man, he had much in his favor. But he was so emaciated, so pale, his hand trembled so nervously as he wielded the baton before the singing classes, that I said, "He will take his degree, but he will die of nervous prostration."

Meanwhile, that last winter waned, and a succession of those balmy, spring-like days that fall upon New York in February came, and every one thought that the cold weather must be succumbing to spring. I had often promised the little Hermanns to spend an evening with them, but a busy life had kept me from making a definite engagement with them. One day, however, Bettina pleaded so long and so lovingly that I said,

"Well, Thursday."

"Surely?" asked Bettina.

"Surely," I said, and kissed her.

What an evening that was! A great, deep blue dome hung over the city, so spangled with stars and so effulgent with a full moon that somehow I seemed to soar up far above the noisy streets and to feel a bit of heaven in my heart as I walked toward Bettina's home. I found it up four flights of stairs, in one of those huge apartment houses built a few years ago, whose rooms made you think of post-office boxes, and whose darkness was unrelieved by a beautiful court, or the weary stairs supplemented by luxurious elevators. Up we toiled, a friend and I, until the last ascent was mounted. We knocked at the door while gaining breath. The door flew open almost before I had taken away my hand, and there stood not only Constantina, Fredericka, Lucretia, and Bettina, but Conrad and Victor also, to bid us enter and assure us of welcome.

Mrs. Hermann, large, rotund, a peaceful, mild, and smiling blonde woman, half rose, with Dorothea in her arms and August rolling away from her skirt in a soft ball, while Dr. Hermann, the books and music put away in my honor, advanced from before the high mantel-piece and thanked me for my visit to his children in a stately, foreign fashion that it was worth a long walk to hear.

Lucretia meanwhile had picked August up, and there before my eyes was the picture of the Flemish Madonna realized that I had so often fancied.

We talked a while about the children, and it did my heart good to dilate on the excellence of their lessons, and see the shy brows color faintly and the demure little mouths tremble with half smiles; to see the hollows in Dr. Hermann's cheeks grow less deep, and his tired eyes look less anxious.

Mrs. Hermann kept gently patting Dorothea's plump back, and nodding her head approvingly as she heard the good report.

"Dey is good child'en—wery good!" and she glanced at the father in an intercessory manner, as if she were not expressing his general opinion.

"Pretty good!" said Dr. Hermann, solemnly, "but this is a hard country to bring up children in. What do American children know of obedience and self-denial and discipline? Nothing!"

Dr. Hermann folded his arms and looked around upon his little flock, and his gaze was so severe, that I knew from which side of the house the discipline came in that home.

But I said to myself, "He is a wise father, if his method makes such lovable and good children as his daughters are."

After a while Lucretia disappeared; pretty soon Bettina crept softly away. Fredericka and Constantina whispered softly together, and then they slipped quietly out of the room with a knowing expression on their faces, and a manner that said, "I am sure no one sees us going!"

Mrs. Hermann smiled benignly as the door closed, and said,

"Dey joost couldn't shtan' it. Dey must all help."

Presently back walked the quartette. Lucretia bore a tray in solemn dignity, and Bettina followed with plates and napkins.

Then we were served to cake and cream and coffee, our four attendants observing us with a wide-eyed, benevolent solicitude lest we should not eat generously. The pleasure of service seemed to fill them with perfect delight.

As the thought of their scant meals and the mother going without luxuries troubled my memory, the cake stuck in my throat, and my heart ached to see how little, how very little, of the block of ice-cream was left.

I think that gentle mother saw my tears, for she said,

"O, my child'en haf been so happy—so happy all de week. Dey haf walked bof ways to school, so deir car-fare could buy de cake and cream."

Dr. Hermann frowned a little.

"But it haf made dem so happy!"

The four girls smiled with such radiant assurance upon me that I felt as some changeling might have who was ministered to by angels.

I began to have such a suffocation about my heart that I felt I must go. So often I had said to myself, "This great, bustling, self-seeking city spoils our boys and girls—they grow so sordid, so selfish—they do not know the beauty or the blessedness of self-sacrifice. But there, in that little German home, I said, "Ah! the home, the home! Lessons taught at home and learned at home are the ones that keep the sweetness and the freshness of youth unsullied."

I made some excuse to leave, but in a trembling voice. As I turned to go Bettina ran toward me, both hands clasping a bouquet of roses. Her face was beaming, her step light, as she said, with such love in her voice, that the tears ran down my face,

"They are for you!"

I caught her and her luxuriant blossoms in my arms and kissed her again and again.

"Ah, how happy my childen haf been dis week. Dey haf had no lunches for four days—not one of dem—for to buy dose roses for you. Dey love you so. Dey is good, loving child'en."

"Yes, they are; they are, indeed!" I exclaimed, and now even the grave doctor wiped away a tear, and he said, mournfully and proudly,

"They shall have enough, and to spare too, one of these days."

Well, seven years passed away, and the family history continued like a story. Dr. Hermann took his degree, and he did not die. His talent and learning attracted the attention of an aged and eminent physician, whose practice was too large for careful personal attention. Dr. Hermann became his assistant, and was so successful that in a couple of years the family moved to a roomier apartment, thence to a house in a pleasant and healthful neighborhood.

When she was nineteen Lucretia married and went to a sunny, loving, and plentiful home of her own, and Bettina became the head of the house in all domestic ways. Their beautiful home was cared for with the same gentle precision which had marked her school life. She lifted every possible burden from the mild mother, whose strength had ebbed when the sunny days came to stay. As Dr. Hermann's cares multiplied and his practice increased, it was Bettina who kept his books, who stole an hour here and another there to study medicine with her father, and who took long drives with him lest he should feel lonely.

She was like a jasmine in her purity and beauty, both at

home and in society; but, like many a flower, she faded early.

Nothing seemed wanting to make her live. Elegant surroundings of all kinds were her atmosphere. Books and flowers, sunshine and fresh air, dainty food, and the best medical skill were all lavished upon the gentle girl.

Those great brown eyes, always too benignant and too loving for a young face, that pensive, quiet smile that seldom rippled into hearty laughter, those patient, delicate hands that never willingly set a task aside, became less and less a part of the down-stairs life, and more and more the prisoners of a sunny up-stairs room. But Bettina seemed every-where in the home; her room indeed was the home. That room, however, was not to be Bettina's abiding-place.

The doctors could not tell why she faded and faded, and finally, one golden afternoon, bade every one good-bye, and went away and—never came back.

I think her loving, patient, yet passionate and self-abnegating nature was too strong for her little body, and that she went away to flower in a more congenial climate.

Perhaps, for the moral of my story, I should have allowed you to think that Bettina grew into a strong as well as a useful womanhood. Yet sometimes, if they are bravely and beautifully and unselfishly lived, twenty-one such years as embraced the loveliness of my dear Bettina are better for the world than seventy of a life centered in self.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
  Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future's atmosphere
  With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the life to be
  We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of destiny
  We reap as we have sown.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

RUSSEL BIGELOW.

The Story of a Western Preacher.

BY REV. ISAAC CROOK, D.D.

It would break the charm of his musical name to call him *Rev.* Russel Bigelow, and had any college decorated him with an honorary doctorate there would have been a jar in the sound of "*Rev. Doctor* Bigelow."

There are a few here in Columbus, O., and abroad in the great West to whom his name has a charm more than natural. His mighty spirit threw its spell over them long ago, and they have never lost it. They speak of him "to the generation following," and we feel that spell.

He belonged to a kind of men only a few of whom come in a generation—of his sort were John the Baptist and Elijah—unworld-like, lonesome spirits, who break out of obscurity on the world, rouse it, blaze upon it, and depart hurriedly, leaving no record, except an *altered world.* Bigelow was kindlier than Elijah, and more moved by love than John the Baptist.

While less oratorical than Whitefield, he was as convincing. Less rugged than Edwards, as overwhelming. Less sad than Payson, as penetrating. Less sentimental than Summerfield, more vigorous. Less glittering than Maffitt, greater every way. Less a thundergust than Bascom, fully as far-sighted. Not more effective than Massillon or Savonarola, but freer with evangelical liberty.

He belonged to the West, though born in the East—a West where grew Clay, Lincoln, Grant, Ewing, McLean, Chase, Bascom, Durbin, Simpson. One said on hearing a western preacher of yesterday,

"Have you any more of that sort in Ohio?"

"O yes; the woods are full of them."

The few names given suggest the mighty forest already gone from the West, at the stroke of the ax of death.

The late Bishop Thomson once declared to the writer, "What Clay was to the western stump, Bigelow was to its pulpit." He moved all grades of mind. No sentimental admirer would have called him "a darling preacher, too sweet for any thing," but he could fill souls even of that small dimension. Learned skepticism "could not gainsay the power and wisdom with which he spoke." Uncultured rowdyism shrank before his blazing sword of truth.

A camp-meeting was held in southern Ohio. A band of rowdies from New Hope mustered in its neighborhood bent on mischief. They were carousing around a camp-fire, and had become so boisterous as to be heard at a distance. Bigelow stole to their fire and quietly mounted a log. Their astonished eyes beheld and some recognized him, proposing to "Seize him;" "Throw him into the fire." He appalled them by announcing himself as sent from God with a message to them, to be delivered there. He proceeded with such a discourse as alarmed and scattered them as if a masked battery had opened on them.

His mastery in the pulpit seems the more complete when we remember what he overcame. Simpson and Durbin, almost peerless each in his way, both stooped, and neither had a prepossessing face or head. Bigelow was declared "ugly," even by those who most nearly worshiped him. His foot was large, flat, and crooked; his arms ungainly, and apparently too long; his shoulders stooping; his head long horizontally, and low; his cheek-bones high; his hair often long and rough; his brow overhanging; his eye piercing; his mouth set diagonally, so that he seemed to speak from one corner of it. Said an admiring little girl,

"If he can preach that way out of one corner of his mouth, what would it be if he spoke from it all!"

Hearing him was a temptation to try to be ugly.

There was symmetry in the soul. His intellect penetrated to the core of truth. He built a vast foundation of unalterable principles. He reared a superstructure pointed with argument. He adorned it with the elegance of a faultless rhetoric. He filled and flung over all the spell of a heart all on fire with love which flamed from Calvary. Through all resounded the thunders of the law like the summons to judgment, but above all was heard the yearning of eternal love, by which multitudes were won on the spot to Christ.

He was a soul-winner in his private intercourse with men. Spotless in reputation, humble as a child, tenderly adroit, he literally went "from house to house" in search for souls; and he won them, young and old, rough and cultured alike.

He was guileless almost to childishness. His generosity was so self-forgetful as to amount to improvidence. He had two regrets on his death-bed: one, that he had been so regardless of self as to be unjust to his household, by an improvidence which flung away his life prematurely, bringing himself to extreme poverty in his last illness which was entailed upon them; the other, that his preaching had been "too controversial." But if this man, who never indulged in personal debate or "sarcasm," but "relied on his argument," and who had to face the double-shotted battery of extreme Calvinism and rampant infidelity confronting the pulpit of his time, regretted a "too controversial style," who can be excused in these days of fraternity for riding like a Don Quixote, booted and spurred, cased in antiquated armor, into ceaseless imaginary conflicts with the "individual" and the "objector" who are dead or far away?

He died in a room in this city, long overlooked by the study in Wesley Chapel parsonage when it stood on High Street. A fire swept the church and the ground was sold. On it wealth, which cares not for Wesley or his sons, has, with more significance than it knew, put in iron letters over the front "Wesley Block."

Westminster needed a Stanley to bring the name into its

place in the historic Abbey. Unwittingly commerce acknowledged its debt here. Some day the world will discover who laid the foundation of its well-being, and Bigelow's name will ascend to a high place in the constellation of western worthies.

Two miles out of the city is "Green Lawn Cemetery." In it is a ministers' lot. Near the center of the lot lies a flat slab of sandstone six by three feet. On it is carved:

"Sacred to the memory of Rev. Russel Bigelow, who for more than thirty years was a follower of Christ, and more than twenty years a faithful minister of his word. He was born in Chesterfield, N. H., in 1793, and died in Columbus July 1, 1835. 'He shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.'"

It is a very modest and obscure monument. On the left of it lies Rev. Nathaniel Westerman, on the right Rev. Jacob Young, each of whom gave a long life to an able ministry. Not far off are lofty, brilliant monuments, suggesting that often the depth of the purse determines the height of the shaft.

At Geneva, overlooking the mouth of the Rhone, sits a splendid equestrian statue mounted to the clouds. The "Duke of Burgundy" gave wealth to the city conditioned on the erection of this monument. Beyond it is a grave-yard. A stone bears "J. C.," supposed to mark the place where lies the dust of the Swiss reformer, Calvin. Over the opposite hill a very modest and almost hidden stone marks where sleeps the great historian of the Reformation—D'Aubigné.

As live those commanding spirits in the world of Protestantism, so lives Russel Bigelow and his fellow slumberers in this religious heart of the western world.

Marble and brass perish, but the works of these do follow them forever.

Columbus, Ohio.

REX RANSOM'S CRUISE TO FAR CATHAY.

A Serial Story.

BY AN OFFICER IN THE U. S. NAVY.

CHAPTER XIX.

To the Korean Capital.

When the lads returned from their trip ashore in Chimulpo, they found a canvas screen put up on the port side of the gun-deck, and were told that one of the steerage officers—an ensign named Broughton—was sick, and that a cot had been slung for him inside the screen for purposes of light and isolation. The next day he was worse, and orders were given to move the cot into a vacant office aft. Rex was one of those who assisted the bay men in moving him, and he was shocked when he saw how sick the officer was. He was "broken out" all over his face and body with a dangerous type of measles, and was delirious. Rex could not shake off the foreboding that he would not recover; and he did not. In less than two days after his removal he died.

A coffin was immediately made by the carpenter's mates, and trimmed with such materials as the ship could furnish; there was no chance to purchase any thing. Some of the crew were sent ashore to dig a grave. An hour was fixed for the funeral services. Rex never forgot his sensations the first time he heard the word passed by the boatswain's mates, "All hands, bury the dead!" Preliminary services were held on the spar-deck. The officers mustered aft, the crew forward. The coffin covered with the national colors; the impressive liturgy in which psalm, and epistle, and prayer voice the deepest truths which man can feel; the chaplain's brief but sympathetic words; the recollection that he whom they were about to bury had moved among them four days before in the fullness of manly strength and with no warning of his fate—brought home to the minds of all the certainty of death and what it means, such as no mere sermon could give. Rex, leaning against the fife-rail of the mainmast was absorbed in solemn thought and self-questioning. He was aroused at length by the order to the pall-bearers to carry the coffin over the side. Then the band and the "firing party" of marines were marched to the gangway. And, after these, boats were announced ready for such of the crew as were allowed to attend, and also for the officers. Rex and Reddy were among the former. As the boats were pulled slowly ashore "in column," Rex noticed that the colors of each, and also of the ship, were at half-mast.

On landing, the usual procession was formed, with the band at the head, followed by the marines; then came the chaplain; next the coffin, borne by six pall-bearers; then the crew in double file; and last, the officers. At the order, "Forward—march!" the band struck up a dirge, and the column moved forward at a measured pace, the marines with reversed arms. The way was lined with a curious throng of Japanese and Koreans, of all ages and both sexes, to whom such an event was rare indeed. Up into the Chinese concession, and then along a foot-path curving to the left, the procession wound its way, the minor strains of the band waking sad echoes among the hills, till, on a grassy slope containing but a solitary grave, it was brought to a halt. The coffin was reverently laid upon the cross-bars and lowered to its resting-place. The chaplain read the concluding service, a messmate of the deceased officer flinging a handful of mold upon the coffin-lid at the words "dust to dust, ashes to ashes." The marines fired three volleys over the newly-made grave, the sharp reports causing a fright and stampede of the native spectators. Then the procession was re-formed and marched back to the boats, the band playing a lively air; and the routine of life was resumed as though a late actor in it was not lying cold and prone in alien soil on the lonely hill-side.

Rex was thinking about the sad event, just at night-fall, when a wardroom "boy" came to tell him that the chaplain would like to see him if he was not engaged. He went immediately to the chaplain's room, and received his usual genial welcome. After a brief conversation, the chaplain asked him, somewhat abruptly,

"Do you know any thing about horses?"

Rex replied with a smile that he didn't know any thing else so well.

"But do you think you could manage one of these dwarf stallions which they use here?"

"I should not hesitate to try, if I had the chance," Rex replied.

"They are vicious, fractious brutes, I am told."

"I think I could bring them to terms," said Rex, remembering some of his experiences in breaking colts.

"Very well. How would you like a week's excursion with me up to Seoul?"

Rex gave a start of pleased surprise.

"Nothing, sir, would give me greater pleasure," he said, his eyes sparkling.

"Well, then, we'll start to-morrow morning. Daibutsu will have a chair for me, and two horses—one for you and the other for carrying our traps. We must take our provisions with us—the Korean fare is abominable—and I have made out a list of things. I think that will be enough for us," he said, handing the list to Rex, "unless your appetite is enormous."

"O, I can carry what I need," said Rex. "Please don't provide for me, sir. I'm used to camping out."

"Is that so?" said the chaplain. "Well, then, I guess I'll turn over this whole business to you, and let you serve out things—they are all put up for us on shore—only you must make things last for seven days. If you think you'll need any thing else, just buy it at Daibutsu's and tell him to add it to the bill."

Rex looked over the list, and his eyes twinkled. Evidently the chaplain was not used to this sort of business, but he said nothing.

"You'd better carry your muster suit and cap," said the chaplain, "and wear what you have on. Don't forget your white cap cover."

"Very good, sir."

"The boat will leave the ship at eight. Your 'leave' is all arranged with the captain and executive officer; and the officer of the deck will give you your pass when you go over the side."

Rex thought for a moment; then he said,

"Have you any objection, sir, to my leaving the ship a little earlier, if I can find a sampan? I would like to pack those provisions myself and—interview the horses. Then you would not be delayed when you reach the shore."

"I doubt if you can get a sampan," said the chaplain. "You can do as you please, however, about that. As to arms—we must carry arms with us, I suppose—the ship's revolvers are too heavy. I will borrow something and bring ashore with me."

They talked over a few more matters, and then Rex went forward, taking the list with him which the chaplain had made out. Sitting down on the deck near an electric light, he took out a pencil, and made some changes and additions. Then he hunted up the wardroom steward, and got him to pack in a basket, for the chaplain's use, some plates, cups and saucers, egg-cups, knives, forks, spoons, a pepper-box, salt-box, a small coffee-pot, a skillet, dish towels and soap, and shoe blacking and brush. Then he secured from the gunner's mate four canteens, which he also placed in the basket, to be filled with water in the morning. When he had got things ready he found Reddy, and told him about the proposed excursion. Reddy was heartily glad for Rex's sake, but sorry to lose him.

Rex was fortunate in securing a sampan very early the next day. He took his basket along, and a package containing his best suit, and necessary articles. It was a bright, warm morning. On reaching the shore he hastened to the comprador's. No horses were to be seen. Daibutsu was eating his breakfast.

"Can catch horses and chair chop chop?" he asked, eagerly.

The man nodded and said something in Japanese to his boy, who got up and went out.

"Now, you eat chow, then come," he said to Daibutsu.

Meanwhile Rex made himself at home in the store, taking down sundry cans of pressed corned beef, tongue, potted ham, orange marmalade, butter, etc., and piling them up, appealing to his list as he did so—a very different list from what the chaplain had given him—and checking off the articles as he went along. He also found some candles, two rude candlesticks, some matches, a can-opener, and a tin cup for water. An old pig-skin trunk caught his eye. He examined the lock. It was all right—a Chinese lock.

"I guess I'll dicker for that trunk when he comes in, he said to himself. "That will hold a good many things—the bread especially, and the dishes; and there's a soap box—that will take the rest. And I can use the basket to stow the lunch in for noon. O, Daibutsu, I wish you would hurry! I want to get these things all put away before the chaplain sees them." He forgot that he had a good hour's start.

When the comprador finally came, Rex almost overwhelmed him with orders. Would he have two chickens, tender ones, killed and fried right away, and a dozen eggs hard boiled.

"Can do," said Daibutsu, and he went out to give the orders.

"How much bread have you got?" Rex asked, when he came back.

"Eight—ten loaf."

"I'll take them. And I want some Japanese paper napkins, two dozen. And I want some 'cash.' How many 'cash' to a Mexican dollar?"

"Eight hundert seventy-five."

These 'cash'—small copper coin strung on a string—were the only currency in the country. Rex got a dollar's worth for change by the way.

He kept the establishment busy the next half-hour. The trunk was secured and packed; also the soap box. The basket was neatly arranged for the lunch, but left open to receive the chicken. Then Rex went out to look at the horses. One of them had a pack-saddle on, and looked forlorn and meek. The other had on nothing but a halter; he was a scrawny brute, and the coolie had some difficulty in holding him. He made a vicious nip at Rex as the latter went toward him. Rex dodged and slapped him sharply on the mouth. The horse struggled to get away, but Rex took hold of the halter, and held him firmly, and led him to a ring near by, where he tied him, and went to the store for a rope. In about twenty minutes, without speaking a word, without showing the slightest passion, he had obtained a complete control over the beast, and put on the saddle and bridle without difficulty.

He was strapping on the trunk and the soap box when the chaplain came up, followed by a coolie carrying his valise. The chaplain had on uniform—the "service dress"—and wore a helmet. Rex saluted him as he came near. After the usual greetings the chaplain looked at the preparations, and said, very cordially,

"You are doing bravely, Ransom! I expected to have to spend an hour here getting things in shape, but you seem to have done every thing."

"I think every thing will be ready in a few minutes," said Rex, with a bright smile.

He lifted the chaplain's valise to the pack-saddle as he spoke, and passed lashings around it. Then he went into the store and quickly packed the chickens, eggs, etc., in the basket, covering every thing with paper, and tying down the basket-top. As he brought this out he found the chaplain investigating the chair—a covered sedan, and looking at the coolies who were to bear it—four short but stout-looking fellows, two of whom were for relief. He handed Rex a frog and belt, the former containing a revolver, which the youth at once buckled on, shifting over his canteen of water to the right side.

"As soon as I get this basket stowed, sir, we—"

A pair of hoofs in the air within a few inches of his face and a sudden stampede of both horses interrupted him. Some coolies headed the beasts off a short distance down the road, and led them back.

Rex showed no disturbance. He proceeded to fasten the basket to the pack-saddle as quietly as though the brute's heels had no spring in them. But the chaplain was disgusted, and proposed to leave the horses behind and get another chair.

"I don't think we shall have any trouble with them, sir," said Rex. "I'll answer for their good behavior," he added.

"O, all right," said the chaplain, "if you think you can handle them. I have great confidence in your ability to do what you say you can do."

"They have not been properly broken," said Rex. "I know their faults though, I think. A couple of hours on the road will help matters. I think every thing is ready now, sir."

"Well, then, we'll start," said the chaplain. He looked at his watch. "It's only a quarter to nine. We ought to be there by five o'clock."

He got into the chair. The coolies lifted the poles to their shoulders, and walked away at a rapid pace. Rex mounted his horse and waited till the pack-horse was led along, and then brought up the rear. The road—a narrow foot-path, not wide enough for a cart—led through the Korean village and out into the open country.

The country is not very pretty. Low, red, rain-washed hills, thinly covered with short pine and oak scrub, alternated with valleys which had been turned into marshes for raising rice. On the slopes occasional strips of barley, wheat, and beans were to be seen. Villages of thatched huts were distributed along the way, and in the adjoining rice fields the inhabitants were wading about—men, women, and children—transplanting or thinning out the bright-green shoots, while here and there a plow, drawn by a short-horned bullock, turned a broad furrow in the soft mud.

After about an hour's riding the chaplain halted his coolies, and got out to walk, complaining of the cramped position which the chair necessitated. Rex dismounted, and gave his horse in charge of a coolie. They walked together, chatting merrily about what they saw. Rex, who had a talent for gaining

any information that he craved, managed to learn a good many things without directly catechizing the chaplain. Thus he found out that Korea contains about eleven millions of people; that the government acknowledges suzerainty to China, and yet is independent enough to make treaties with foreign powers in her own name; that the king's father had been banished to China on account of his savage, blood-thirsty temper; that the present king, though an absolute despot, was progressive and liberal in his views; that the mandarins, or nobles, were divided into two fierce factions—conservative and progressive—and that the people themselves, ground down through ages of oppression, had lost heart. He also learned that the city to which they were going was popularly called Seoul, which means "capital," but that its true name is Hanyang, or "the fortress of the Han;" that it is walled, and situated in a valley almost surrounded by mountains, and that its population is estimated at about 300,000.

On one section of the mere bridle-path along which they were walking an attempt was being made to widen the road. A long-handled shovel was driven into the ground by the road-side, and straw ropes attached to either side of it; these were manned by a half-dozen coolies, who, at a given signal, pulled the shovelful of earth into the middle of the path. An official, in a light blue robe and wearing enormous eye-glasses, superintended the work.

"The idea of a dozen men doing what one man can do," Rex exclaimed, with some heat. "What a lazy set! Why don't they run a plow along parallel with the road, and break up the ground, and then each one take a shovel! It wouldn't take an hour to do what they'll spend a whole day on."

"There speaks young America," said the chaplain, smiling. This is Korea, Ransom. The spirit of the West has never entered here. They have no idea of labor-saving or time-saving methods. Time to them is nothing."

"I'd like to teach them," said the youth, earnestly.

"Patience, patience, my lad. They would only laugh at you at first. They wouldn't understand you. It takes time to uplift a people with such a past behind them, and give them new motives and get them into new habits."

"I suppose I am impatient," said Rex; "but things look so plain to me—"

"They will 'look plain' to these men one of these days," said the chaplain, kindly. "Have you noticed how free from rents—how whole—the clothes of these people are?"

"I must confess I noticed only how dirty they are."

"Yes, they are dirty, and they might be ragged but for some of the neatest mending I have ever seen done anywhere. Not one torn garment have I seen in Korea. The wives of these coolies must be excellent needle-women."

"Is that so?" said Rex, surprised. "Then I suppose the women are better off here than in China."

"I am afraid not," said the chaplain. "So far as I can learn, in no country is she more degraded than here. No such idea as equality or companionship with her husband is thought of. She is the merest slave and drudge, bearing the heaviest burdens, doing the hardest work. She has no name even. She is a mere thing."

"Are there no missionaries here to teach the people better things?" Rex asked.

"None yet, except a medical missionary whom we will see to-night; but several are on their way. When they get here they will have to proceed with the greatest caution, or there will be an outbreak. The antipathy to foreigners, and to the religion of foreigners especially, is strong."

It grew warm toward noon, and when they reached the half-way house—a roomy but forlorn-looking caravansary—they were glad to have a rest. The coolies took the horses away to feed them, and Rex arranged that they should have some "chow" also. A "square meal" for each, he found, would cost him only twenty "cash" (two cents) apiece.

"Well, Ransom," said the chaplain, as he took off his helmet, and stretched himself on a raised platform just inside the entrance on the right, "we must have a picnic lunch to-day, I suppose. It's a pity to open one of these cans of beef, but I suppose there's nothing else for us. Lucky you thought of bringing some water with you."

"I guess we can get along without opening the corned beef," said Rex, his heart swelling with pleasant anticipations.

He went for the basket, and quietly cut the fastenings. First he took out some Japanese napkins, and put them side by side for a table-cloth. Then he took out a loaf of bread and a knife, and proceeded to cut the bread, which he put on a plate which he also extracted from the basket.

Then he laid a plate for the chaplain, and took out a cup and saucer, a knife, fork, and spoon. The chaplain looked astonished. The boy said nothing.

"If you can wait, sir, till I boil some water, I think I can offer you a decent lunch."

The chaplain looked at Rex; the lad's eyes were twinkling.

"Of course I—or, I should say, we—can wait. What scheme are you up to, anyway?"

Rex smiled, but made no reply. He simply pulled out the coffee-pot, emptied two canteens of water into it, went to an adjoining room where cooking was going on, and put the pot over an *hibache*. Then he returned and extracted a paper of sugar and one of coffee.

"How many lumps will you have, sir?" he asked.

"Three for me," the chaplain said; then, watching his chance, he suddenly seized the bag, and coolly asked,

"Haven't you another cup in that basket?"

"Yes, sir," said Rex, rather reluctantly, "two more; but I—"

"Take out the cup! Now, a plate! Knife, fork, spoon—every thing! There, that will do. Put them right there. Now, Ransom, how many lumps for you!"

"I think three, sir," said the youth, meekly.

"Three it is," said the chaplain, dropping the lumps into the cup. "Why, we shall do bravely—good bread and coffee—what can a man want more than that?"

"Wouldn't you like—something on your bread?" said Rex, drawing out a can of potted ham, and fumbling in the basket for the can-opener.

"Why, Ransom, that's splendid!" said the chaplain, enthusiastically. "What a happy thought that was of yours!"

"I suppose a boiled egg wouldn't come amiss," said the youth, slyly, drawing out a handful of them.

"Bravo!" cried the chaplain.

"And, sir, wouldn't you like to gnaw on this until the coffee is made?" Rex asked, with a triumphant smile, presenting a fried "second-joint" of chicken to the chaplain.

"Ransom, you're a conjurer," said the chaplain, delighted. "I'll have you tried for witchcraft. Where did you get all these things?"

Rex laughed aloud, but did not answer the question. He got some salt to go with the chicken, and then went to make the coffee.

They had a jolly lunch of it; and when they had finished the chaplain insisted on helping to clear away and wash the dishes. They resumed their journey after nearly two hours of rest, very much refreshed.

A wide stretch of sand was crossed toward the close of the afternoon, and then a river by means of a sampan ferry. Up through a dirty town, and afterward up a rocky defile, they picked their way.

Just before 5 P. M. the city wall, which had been for a long time in sight, was reached, and they arrived at a large gate-way, surmounted by a temple-shaped building. A curious crowd followed them. As they entered the gate-way, a Japanese coolie came to meet them, making several profound bows. He had a brief conference with the chaplain, and then led the way, saying a few words to the gate officials as he passed.

"We are invited to stay with Dr. Allen," the chaplain called out to Rex.

The lad, who knew nothing about the doctor, but had entire confidence in the chaplain, nodded back.

[*To be continued.*]

THE CHILDREN.

"Come unto me!" still through the ages falling
Like heavenly voices musical and sweet,
The loving Saviour tenderly is calling
The children round his feet.

"Forbid them not," but with a prayerful blessing
Teach them to trust his never-failing care;
And feel his dear hands tenderly caressing
Their fair heads bowed in prayer.

For such as they the Father's home in glory
Waits with its joys across the crystal sea;
Then tell them oft the old yet sweet new story,
With patience, tenderly. —*Geo. Edward Day.*

LETTER FROM SWITZERLAND.

BY ABEL STEVENS, LL.D.

FAREL'S PORTRAIT—HIS CHARACTER—ITINERANT ADVENTURES—THE REFORMATION IN GENEVA.

THE Museum of the Geneva University (Calvin's old Academy modernized) is an historical sanctum of the Reformation. Its manuscripts, early printed books, and especially its portraits, afford precious advantages for the study of that great epoch. I like to go there to study the personality of the reformers in their physiognomy, and have just now devoted a little time to Farel—a character of much more historical importance than is generally supposed abroad. Historical students know his relations to the Reformation, but "common readers" know little about him. They usually take for granted that Geneva was the source of the Swiss and French Reformation, and Calvin its founder. Chronologically, at least, this is a mistake; the Reformation was begun in Berne, Basel, Zürich, Neufchâtel, and many other Swiss communities some years before it invaded Geneva; and Farel, not Calvin, was its real founder in the latter place. It had triumphed here under him, and Romanism was abolished before the arrival of Calvin.

I have a strong "liking" for Farel; he should have better recognition abroad. I wish to introduce him to you as fully as the vexatious limitation of these letters will allow. He was a brave, generous, godly soul, a mighty worker, and a genuine hero. He reminds me of the best type of the old American "itinerants." He was, in fact, the Methodist itinerant of his day; and historians honor him as "the greatest missionary of the Reformation." He traveled much in France and Switzerland, and initiated the new movement in more places than any other leading reformer. He had a stentorian voice and "thundered," it is said, the new opinions in the Catholic towns, preaching in the churches when he could, and, when denied them, blowing his rousing trumpet from their porticoes, or in the market-places, or in the streets. He was often mobbed by priests and monks, wounded and driven away, but he went on, never faltering; and at last, when a venerable patriarch, leaning upon his staff, he saw the good cause triumphant in the principal communities of Switzerland and could tell its story mostly from his personal history, like Goldsmith's old soldier shouldering his crutch and showing how battles were fought and won.

There are two portraits of Farel in the Museum, one a miniature, the other a large oil painting, both expressive of the same character. The latter was given to the old academy nearly two hundred years ago, and is probably an original. His visage is lean and pallid; his forehead, like that of Calvin and most of the Calvinistic reformers, high but narrow (quite in contrast with the full, round heads of the Teutonic leaders), but his eye is large and luminous; his nose big, with expanded nostrils; his mouth resolute, but not stiff; his general expression serene, generous, and firm. He was early a fervid Catholic, and, being of noble family, his determined adhesion to the persecuted reformers showed the stuff he was made of.

He was born in 1489, in a village bearing the family name (Farels), near Gap, France. He studied successfully in Paris, philosophy, Greek, and Hebrew—two languages not much known by even the clergy of that day, and very important for the reformers. He became infected there with the new German opinions and, like Calvin, Servetus, and other notable scholars, found it necessary to escape from the city. We soon hear of him at Meaux, afterward famous as the see of Bossuet, the "eagle of Meaux" and renowned opponent of Protestantism, the author of the "Variations of Protestantism." Farel "thundered" in the old town so powerfully that he set the priests, monks, and devotees in array against him, in spite of the covert favor of his bishop, and he had at last to strike his flag and retreat. He followed the Scripture counsel, when persecuted in one place to flee to another; and thus began his itinerant and most effective work for the struggling cause. He hastened to Strasburg, where he was received by Bucer and Capiton; then to Zürich, where Zwingle welcomed him as a new champion; to Berne, where Haller received him; to Basel, where Œcolampadius blessed him, for he was the right sort of man for the times. If there had been more like him the Reformation would have had a better history, especially in those sections of the south (of Bavaria, Italy, Spain, etc.) which it invaded only to sound an early retreat. It had great champions with the pen, great polemics, and these effectually addressed the very limited intelligent class of the day; but it needed more evangelists down among the people, more Methodistic itinerants like Farel. This chivalric man had his faults; some of them quite reprehensible, and they occasionally worked sadly against him, but they were the infirmities of a great soul. He probably hated the pope a little more than he hated the devil himself. His indignation at the idolatry of the Churches was at times uncontrollable; his voice was not only "thunderous," but his language fierce, and some of his acts indiscreet. He went like a herald through the towns and villages; he had a sweeping, popular eloquence which was rare among the priests of that day; he swayed the people in one direction, the innumerable monks and priests swayed them in another, and the poor multitudes were thoroughly distracted. For a long while they followed the priests and their old traditions, but wherever Farel went he won some trophies, even when mobbed and driven away. At Aigle, Morat, Neufchâtel, Lausanne, Montbéliard, Metz, and many other places he unfurled the banner of the new cause, in many of them as its first standard-bearer. I doubt whether any other reformer did more of this initial missionary work. He was usually accompanied by two or three companions—students or laymen of like zeal; he trudged along with them on foot, discoursing of the good cause, his staff in one hand, his Bible in the other. Reaching a town he would boldly enter its church, interrupt the services by his emphatic remonstrances against idolatry, and, if turned out, take his stand anywhere and proclaim his message. "He needed more the bridle than the spur," says a French writer.

At Montbéliard he met on a bridge a procession of monks and people bearing a statue of St. Anthony; he seized the image and hurled it into the river, remonstrating against their baptized paganism. At Corcelles he took his stand before the priory and preached with such energy that the excited monks rushed out upon him, and the prior pursued him with a poniard in his hand. At Metz the monks rang the church bells to drown his voice. At Neufchâtel he roused the people to such a degree that they began to break the images in the lower part of the town. "The governor ran to prevent them," says an old chronicler, "but it was of no avail, for the next day Farel was preaching in the hospital, whence the people forced him to the great church; the canons barred the passage, but he broke through them, ascended the pulpit, and preached with such effect that from this day the old

church was no more Roman; the images were destroyed, and the mass abolished." At Valengin he and his companions were assailed by the priests with a shower of stones; his blood stained the earth. They attempted to throw him into the Segon, but were prevented by the more moderate people. They tried to force him to kneel before a statue of the virgin, but he refused, crying out,

"Worship God alone, in spirit and in truth, and not dumb idols!"

Happily some of his converts arrived from Neufchâtel and rescued him.

He was preaching at Gorze, in France, when the Duke of Guise suddenly launched his troops upon the assembly, slaying many Protestants. Farel was grievously wounded, and escaped with his life only by leaping into a wagon full of lepers, and disguising himself in a leper's dress. It was a choice of evils, but he escaped both the duke and the leprosy. "He left Neufchâtel," says an historian, "almost entirely Protestantized." But he had fought a severe fight there; "he had escaped a thousand dangers, was exhausted, wounded, half-dead at times." He called this his "work of evangelization;" Neufchâtel was one of his earliest and his last field, and he is to this day the Protestant hero of that city. At Lausanne he held ten public discussions of Theses with the priests and definitely established the Reformation there.

He founded the Reformation, as I have said, in Geneva. He went thither in 1532, under the patronage of the Canton of Berne, where Protestantism had been adopted some seven years before. He had as usual a companion, Saunier, a zealous evangelist; they had to begin almost furtively, conversing at their lodgings with well-disposed citizens, "some of whom," says a Genevese author, "returned home glorifying God." These first converts were, however, so few that the old writers give their names. But Farel could not long remain quiet; he preached to his increasing visitors; the priests became alarmed, and incited the authorities to order him out of the city. He showed his letters from Berne, an ally of Geneva, and for a time these had some effect, but he and Saunier were at last cited to appear before the authorities and the ecclesiastics to define their new opinions. The ecclesiastics exclaimed,

"Our authority is gone if we allow them to speak!"

They had to face the two reformers, however, in a "stormy session."

"Wherefore comest thou here?" they shouted at Farel; "why troublest thou the land?"

"My authority," replied Farel, "is from God. I preach Christ, dead for our sins, raised for our justification. I am ready to maintain my doctrine to the last drop of my blood."

The "grand vicaire" ordered him out of the city in three hours. A canon said,

"He has blasphemed and is worthy of death!"

"Strike, strike! To the Rhone, to the Rhone!" was shouted from all parts.

They wished to drown him. "He and his companion were assailed, beaten, chased," but some of their friends got them into a boat and sent them on the lake to Morges.

Farel could never be defeated. He sent a friend, Froment, to continue his work clandestinely, as a private teacher of languages; Froment was soon preaching in his school-room; in three months it could not hold his hearers, and he preached in the open air. But the priests descended from the cathedral with a mob, and his friends had to conceal him. He was pursued from house to house, was stoned, and had to escape from the city. The Reformation was planted, however, its adherents met in secret, and a good hat-maker gave them their first Protestant sacrament in a garden. Thenceforward there were two parties in Geneva. Froment soon reappeared; Farel returned, sanctioned by Berne; Viret, the reformer of Orbe, and a companion of Farel, came also. They left the city no more till their cause was triumphant. On Aug. 27, 1535, Romanism was authoritatively abolished, the images were destroyed, and all *fête* days except Sunday forbidden; the bishop had fled, the priests and monks were escorted by the authorities out of the city, and retreated to Annecy; the convents (some of whose inmates had not been out of their doors for thirty years) were converted into hospitals and schools, and thenceforward Geneva was one of the lights of the world. *Post tenebras lux*—"After darkness light"—the city escutcheon has ever since declared.

In 1536 Calvin arrived secretly in Geneva, on his way to some quiet retreat where he hoped to lead a calm, studious life; his companion, Tillet (of whom I have spoken in a previous letter), betrayed him to Farel, who fairly forced him to stay. Farel co-operated with him here successfully till their cause was thoroughly fortified, and then returned to his old field at Neufchâtel, where he died in 1565, a war-worn veteran of seventy-six years, and a hero of the greatest epoch of modern history—I am inclined to say the most genuine hero of it, its best orator, its best evangelist, its best missionary, and withal one of its very best and most magnanimous spirits. Even Calvin warmed into something like sentiment in their occasional correspondence, and addressed his letters "To my very dear brother and singular friend, William Farel, faithful minister of Jesus Christ, pastor of the Church of Neufchâtel." We can admire but hardly love Calvin; we can both admire and love Farel.

FROM THOMAS À KEMPIS.

LAY not thy heart open to every one; but treat of thy affairs with the wise, and such as fear God.

WE must have love toward all, but familiarity with all is not expedient.

REGARD not much who is for thee, or who against thee: but give all thy thought and care to this, that God be with thee in every thing thou doest.

IF thou canst be silent and suffer, without doubt thou shalt see that the Lord will help thee.

BUT if thou observe any thing worthy of reproof, beware thou do not the same. And if at any time thou hast done it, labor quickly to amend thyself.

FEW by sickness grow better and more reformed; so also they who wander much abroad, seldom thereby become holy.

TRUST not to friends and kindred, neither do thou put off the care of thy soul's welfare till hereafter; for men will forget thee, sooner than thou art aware of.

IT is better to look to it betime, and to send some good before thee, than to trust to other men's help.

WHEN that last hour shall come, thou wilt begin to have a far different opinion of thy whole life that is past, and be exceeding sorry that thou hast been so careless and remiss.

O HOW wise and happy is he that now laboreth to be such a one in his life as he will desire to be found at the hour of death!

I HAVE often heard that it is safer to hear and to take counsel than to give it.

IT may also fall out, that a man's opinion may be good; but to refuse to yield to others when reason or a special cause requireth it, is a mark of pride and stiffness.

HANCOCK'S ORDER.

THE anecdote which the "Atlanta Constitution" relates of General Hancock does credit to the memory of the famous soldier whose recent death is so deeply lamented. There are too many occasions when men who ought to know better break every rule of propriety and morality without being "switched on a side track" as they deserve:

General Hancock, who was on the coach next to the last of the train that bore the remains of General Grant from Mount McGregor to New York, observed in the last car a number of officers who were having a good time over wine and cigars. He sent the conductor to request them to cease smoking. In a few moments the conductor returned with the announcement that the convivial officers returned their compliments with a peremptory declination to relinquish their cigars.

"Where is the next switch?" asked Hancock.

"About five miles below," replied the conductor.

"When you reach it, if the smoking in that car has not ceased, switch it on a side track and leave it. You may tell the gentlemen what I have said."

In two minutes there was not a cigar to be seen in the offending coach. Its occupants knew that Hancock meant just what he said.

To the Pastors of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

OUR YOUTH, which we have been sending to you for a few weeks, has met with a

HEARTY WELCOME

on the part of the Church, and has reached a circulation which, at this point in its history, is

HIGHLY GRATIFYING.

The paper has, however, been put at so low a price that it is necessary to have a very large circulation in order to pay expenses.

In June we shall begin the publication of A NEW STORY BY ROSE TERRY COOKE, entitled **"NO."** The "New York Tribune" says, concerning MRS. COOKE:

"There is no cleverer painter of New England life and character. The wonderful accuracy with which MRS. COOKE has portrayed the Puritan aridity and frigidity ought to make her sketches classics when her fast-fading types have wholly departed."

The story entitled **"NO,"** by MRS. COOKE, is one of the best she has written. It will appear in OUR YOUTH, beginning with the first number for June, which will be the first number of the second volume.

In order to introduce the paper more extensively into the homes of our people, we propose to send it from this time until the close of the second volume (November 27) for the sum of

FIFTY CENTS ONLY.

We feel confident that if OUR YOUTH is known and read for that length of time in these homes it will remain there as a permanent guest. We earnestly urge you to assist us in accomplishing this purpose. Look at the **Different Departments** of the paper: the **Stories,** the **Useful Articles,** the **Editorials, Berean Homily, Oxford League, School at Home, Outside World, etc.,** and judge for yourself whether this is not healthful diet for young minds.

If there are in your congregation families in which there are young people who can be induced to read a paper of the character of OUR YOUTH, we will gladly send them **SPECIMEN COPIES** of the paper free of charge if you will kindly send us their names and addresses. Please be particular in sending to indicate whether the names are sent as *subscribers* for a whole year, or for the remainder of the year only, or simply as recipients of specimen numbers. We can supply all back numbers.

If, for any reason, it is impossible for you to make a thorough canvass personally, please

INTEREST THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT

in the paper, and get him or some other person who is thoroughly capable to make a direct personal canvass of the Sunday-school and congregation. Write for terms to canvassers. Perhaps the Sunday-school Board can be induced to subscribe for a number of copies for the older scholars. Quite a number of schools are doing this. We sincerely trust that you will assist us in our efforts to bring OUR YOUTH up to a circulation of **50,000 copies** in its first year. With the help of our preachers and superintendents it can be done, and we shall not be unmindful of the efforts of our friends to help us bring it to pass. Let this be the watch-word:

Pure Literature for Young People.

50,000 Circulation for "Our Youth."

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 25 a year for single subscription. Special rates to clubs of ten or more.

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

MASON is a boy with a face to be studied. A boy, we say, and yet his young mustache—first-fruits of a beard to be—gives him a right to be called a man—a gentleman. He is perhaps a little over eighteen. He has a good forehead; hair smooth and shining, the parting high; eye clear but restless; chin not strong in its line of projection, nor yet giving sign of weakness; mouth mobile and easily changing from expression of complacency to contempt, from peace to vexation. He is well dressed, the present style, as far as he can find it out, prevailing in cut of coat, color of necktie, and general carriage of person. As we look at him to-day (he being utterly unconscious of our presence), he is in an absorbed mood, and on his tell-tale face we can read the thoughts that come and go. If we may not put the thoughts into words, we can at least discover their trend and tone, and can tell when pleasure or when scorn or when unrest prevails. The alternation is often rapid, as it is to-day, and it is painfully interesting to read one chapter so full of contrasts and reactions in a young life.

MASON has a good home; father and mother fond of him, and generally wise in their treatment of him. They are in good circumstances, neither rich nor poor, are respected by their neighbors, and want to be faithful to their three children, of whom Mason is the oldest. We cannot say that they have made no mistakes in their treatment of Mason. Fallible people make fallible parents, and such are the complications which enter into the problem of home training that, what with diversity of judgment on the part of parents and diversity of temperament on the part of children, it is rarely the case that the best thing is done in the management of a household. There will be too much or too little government, too much liberty or too much severity; parents will lose patience at a time when the steadiness of self-control is indispensable, or they will at the most unfavorable moment take a boy in hand for discipline whose immediate need at that particular juncture is a good, "square meal," or a chance to restore normal conditions by eight hours of sound sleep. With such uncertain elements entering into the problem of domestic administration, we cannot wonder at some of the curious facts encountered in the study of home life. In the case of Mason there have, of course, been some such unintentional maladministrations and numerous mistakes of love; for love, being blind, falls into many a ditch, and unfortunately leads into the same predicament the very beings it would die if need be, to save from all error and sorrow.

MASON, as we see him to-day, is in a state of rebellion—perhaps we should say is in the spirit of rebellion; and if all the half-formed plans that chase each other through his excited brain were to pass into resolution, and were promptly to be acted upon, we should read Mason's declaration of independence and his proclamation of war. He has had a double talk. He told his mother last evening about his trouble. She advised him to talk freely to his father. The conversation with father has just closed, and Mason is thinking, and with a hurt and indignant heart, over the things his father said. It all seems very small to us when we learn of the real grounds of Mason's grievance. He is eighteen years old and has never smoked. He has never gone to the theater. Indeed, he has been a sort of home fellow in the evenings, never having been allowed in his early childhood to be on the streets at night. He could not go on the sidewalk after dark when he was six or eight years of age. At twelve the same rule held. School life and its tasks kept him in between twelve and sixteen. Habit had its influence. Home was always bright and pleasant in the evenings. The home folks made it so. Music and reading, calls from friends, candy-pulls, pop-corn carnivals, games, scientific experiments, and many other entertainments of an innocent character made evening at home endurable to the boy. That is, they the more easily reconciled him to the rigid law of his father—"No street life at night." Now Mason is getting older and larger. His companions, less carefully governed, rally him on the strictness of his home. When they report the down-town carousals and the fun at the theater, Mason is silent. When they swear in "manly" fashion, he is unable to imitate them, except as he does it in dash, slang, and exclamation, as if he wanted to go further and did not dare, all of which the boys detected as they smiled their small smile of amused superiority, which smile he also saw and writhed under. One fellow, one day, hinted at "mother's apron-string," as Mason declined a cigarette. And Mason was very angry—partly at his mother and father. Poor fellow!

THINGS are growing desperate. The "man" in him revolts. He has half a mind to make a break for freedom. He wants to be like the other boys. He wants to smoke and swear and be a society fellow and go to the theater and be out nights and drink his glass of beer. He is tired of being laughed at. He has some conscience. He does honor his father, and he does love his mother. He really feels, in his best moods, that they are right and that he is wrong, but the pressure is fearful. Last night he opened his heart to his mother. She felt badly, but was unable to answer him. "He is so big and so like a man, you know," she said to her husband afterward. This morning at her suggestion he opened his heart to his father. And he felt badly too, but knew how to answer him. And he did. And here is Mason—troubled. His eyes are restless. His fair brow is knitted. There is a nervous twitching about his mouth. He mutters something now and then. He shifts his position, now stands up and now sits down again. Mason is mad and hurt and—almost resolved to rebel. His father would not yield. Mason merely asked his consent. His father said: "My dear boy, that you cannot have. Liberty you may take, but you must *take* it, I cannot give it. The life I have carefully guarded you against is a life of peril. The course I have held you to is a course of safety. I know it, and you in your seasons of sober judgment think so too. You cannot use my permission as a justification of your self-exposure. If you begin the self-indulgent life, you begin it at your own risk. You are my son; how precious to me, God only knows. I have loved you, served you, prayed for

you, suffered no little because of you, and am ready to do for you all that I can, but my mind is fully made up to hold by the old regulations so far as I am concerned. If you follow your own inclinations, against your own best and noblest convictions, you cannot excuse yourself on the ground that your father approved. If you yield to the influence of your young companions you must assume the responsibility of doing so in open repudiation of your father's judgment, love, and authority." Then his father kissed him. A hot tear fell on the boy's forehead, and father left. And this is the situation, with its antecedents, in which we find Mason to-day. He is thinking. You will acknowledge that he has something to think about. How will he decide? We must wait to find out.

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for April 18, 1886. THE FIRST MIRACLE.—John 2. 1–11.
GOLDEN TEXT.—John 2. 11.

PREFATORY.—The man and his mother are at a wedding feast. Why not? Did he not come to consecrate and bless human life on every legitimate side of it? The man JESUS was no recluse, or monk, or ascetic. He lived among the joys of men, but with a higher joy in his heart all the while. Heavenly enthusiasms prevent debasement by earthly gratifications. Cana was a little town north of Jerusalem about one hundred miles, more or less, about as far as a town among the lower Catskills is from New York. To this little town among the hills of Galilee he came with his mother and his loyal followers. What a company to be at a wedding! The bride and groom are forgotten, but the names of these guests are immortal.

INTERROGATORY.—The time? The place? The occasion? The guests? Why did Jesus' mother speak to him as she did in verse 3? What could he mean by the reply of verse 4? [Certainly he could have meant no disrespect.] Describe the process of this strange wine-making in verses 6–8. Give the conversation between the "ruler" and the "bridegroom" in verses 9, 10. Can you draw a lesson for yourself from verse 5? What is a "miracle?" Why was this miracle wrought?

HOMILY.—Of one thing we may be quite sure: that the wine of the feast which Jesus made eighteen and a half centuries ago was not like the wine of the feast which one may find in our great cities to-day. We know enough about him, his spirit, and his mission, to know that he could not sanction the social habits of our times in the matter of alcoholic drinks. It was good wine, rare wine, harmless wine, and was made in an emergency to teach a lesson for all time. The act was a wonder, a sign, a "miracle." It was not a trick by sleight of hand. It was a *bona fide* transformation by a divine process no more impossible than the divine process by which wine gets into the grape or sweet water pours from the pierced trunk of a sugar maple in the spring-time. Wine was accounted better than water—more palatable and more refreshing. The Lord of the fountain and of the vine touched water and it became wine. The guest made himself useful and gave a supply when the resources of the host had failed. And what he gave was better far than the host had originally furnished. The plenitude of his provision and the superior quality of it made manifest his glory, and the faith of his own disciples was strengthened. He was a friend worth having, a leader worth following, a provider worth trusting. We find it difficult to comprehend all the incidents of this bit of history. It is enough for us to remember how the Christ enriches all the relations and all the joys of life. It is good to have him in the house. At the feast he gives supply. At the funeral he restores the dead to life. He turns human friendship into divine friendship—water to wine. He turns an old Jewish dispensation of forms and signs into a new dispensation of truth and spirit—water to wine. He turns plain every-day life into a joyous, peaceful, hopeful life—water into wine. You may realize the transformation even now in your own lives—water into wine.

PRAYER.—Giver of human love and joy, who settest the solitary in families, favor us with Thy presence and do for us according to our need. Touch our dull lives and make them glow with Thy grace. Enrich our barren hearts and fill them with divine love. Manifest forth in us and through us Thy glory, that men may believe in Thee. Change us from nature to grace. Amen.

OUR YOUTH DEBATING CLUB.

Subject.

Resolved, That the term of the itinerancy in the Methodist Episcopal Church should be extended to six years.

Arguments for the Negative.

No. 4.—The term of the itinerancy in the Methodist Episcopal Church should not be extended to six years, for the following reasons:

First. The present system works so admirably. There have been, during the past winter, wonderful revivals. Many places spiritually dead have become reanimated. Several of these revivals have occurred during the first year of the pastor's labors. Is that not glorious? There are successes and failures in all professions. The Church is better off to-day, financially and spiritually, than ever before. For proof, look at its benevolent contributions, membership, number of churches, and missionaries.

Second. The length of term is sufficient. A minister called of God will soon become acquainted with his people. In this respect he is unlike doctors and lawyers. He will do good work the first and every year. He should always be "careful" and prayerful, whether expecting to remain one year or three.

Third. When a pastor thoroughly ascertains the needs of the church, he has learned the secret of "true success through his guide, the Bible."

Lima, O. FRANK W. ALLEN.

No. 5.—First. The success of Methodism under the two and three years' rule (its growth in numbers, wealth, social standing, missionary, Sabbath-school, Church Extension) is the marvel of our times, ecclesiastically speaking, no other denomination anywhere equaling it.

Second. This success and growth has come with the limitations of the pastoral term, and right along-side of the churches having unlimited pastoral terms. Presumption is that limited term pastorates have not limited but helped said growth and success.

Third. The sad tendency of the Church is to seek "culture," rather than "aggressive Christianity." "Culture" may be developed, but "aggressiveness" has not been, and will not be, increased by conditionally "settled" pastorates.

Fourth. When Methodism abandons its "rapid, flank movements," its active, forceful, vitally spiritual, evangelistic, church life, and settles down to the ruts and routine of more extended pastorates, it will lose its hold on the masses, become "slow," unaggressive, formal, lacking the fire which has made it what it is.

Fifth. Many ministers might—many do—prefer comfortable, settled pastorates in Methodism for themselves and their families. Churches which are now "alive," progressive, soul-saving, are not those crying for "lengthened terms." W. D. B.

No. 6.—The term of the itinerancy is already too long, in a minority of cases it may be, owing to the fact that a better acquaintance, consequent on a longer term, reveals defects in character and personal influence most deleterious to both Church and community.

Again, our itinerancy is, and has been, the boast of Methodism, and to it have been ascribed her gigantic successes. If, when travel was retarded by lack of water and railroad facilities, as was the case in her infancy and earlier years, such glorious results were achieved, and are still achieving, why remove the "old landmarks" the fathers placed for the benefit of the few who may be assigned to the more lucrative appointments, to the exclusion of the greater number of the less fortunate and possibly as worthy brothers, who, while the former are enjoying the advantages of the better, are compelled to labor on under the disadvantages of the poorer appointments, which might be equalized by a shorter term to each and all?

The greatest good to the greatest number of God's people should be the motto of Methodism. J. F.

Hbg., March 29, 1886.

No. 7.—A Methodist minister soon becomes accustomed to changing and does not mind it.

Ministers' children can enter colleges with less expense than other children, therefore it would be economy to leave them in some college till their education be completed.

Methodist people are mostly hospitable, and ready to receive the "new minister" with a warm welcome; thus he becomes acquainted with his people easily and quickly.

The Church would be apt to grow so accustomed to one way of thinking and working as to consider it almost a death-blow to their work to change ministers.

The Church has the chance of having at its head two good men in the same time that otherwise it would have but one; thus giving more churches the benefit of the good thoughts and the new ideas of our best preachers. E. K. G.

No. 8.—The term of the itinerancy in the Methodist Episcopal Church should not be more than three years. It is the only Church in the world under the itinerant system, and where is the Church that has made more rapid advancement than the Methodist Episcopal Church? And for fear of making a worse of it we think it best to let well enough alone. A minister would always rather leave a charge after two years, believing he can do better elsewhere. It would be nothing short of foolishness to change the term to a longer period.

P. G. M., Pa.

Next Subject.

Resolved, That boycotting is justifiable.

Affirmative arguments should be sent to OUR YOUTH, *Plainfield, N. J., before April 17 or 24; negative before May 1 or 8, 1886.*

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

Dr. J. H. Hopkins, in the February "Century," in a plea for unity under the Protestant Episcopal Church, says: "In Scotland there are eleven distinct Presbyterian bodies. In faith they are identical. In worship they are identical. Yet they are not one Church but eleven." True, they are eleven, and yet are they one—in faith, in worship, in spirit, in aim, in work—and one in Christ. They are eleven planets moving about one sun. They are eleven branches of one trunk. They are eleven sons of one father. Blessed unity! Yet Dr. Hopkins, in urging another unity—that based upon the figment of apostolic succession—says: "The apostolic succession is possessed by the entire body of Oriental, Roman, and Anglican Churches, and *cannot* be surrendered without defeating the very unity which is desired to be accomplished." The claim made by Dr. Hopkins as to the apostolic succession being "possessed by the Oriental, Roman, and Anglican Churches" is simply absurd. There is no apostolic succession in any such sense. It is ecclesiastical nonsense. Hear what Dr. G. A. Jacob, a clergyman and professor of the Church of England, says about it: "It is only a fiction invented and propagated in the Church to bolster up sacerdotal pretensions." This bold churchman gives in strong English what he considers "*an absolutely conclusive refutation of this dogma*, in the following consideration: The succession of the Jewish priests was distinctly laid down by divine authority from the beginning; and reiterated commands, enforced by the severest judgments, emphatically declared that no one who was not of the seed of Aaron might officiate at the altar of God. Nothing but a divine command expressly given could ever make such a regulation imperatively exclusive. Nothing but a direct and positive ordinance of the New Testament could justify the assertion of such a doctrine now. *But in the Christian dispensation no such command was ever given; nor is there in the New Testament the slightest intimation, much less an authoritative announcement, that such an apostolic succession is the only source of lawful ministerial authority. The subject, in fact, is not once mentioned or alluded to in the Christian Scriptures; nor are the apostles ever shown to have themselves received, or to have given to others, any such powers as this dogma asserts to have been transmitted.*"

We want our young readers to be informed concerning this dogma of the Protestant Episcopal Church. We want you to weigh the words of Dr. Jacob. We shall give you more and more of the same forcible arguments. But now we want to call attention to Dr. Hopkins's plea for unity of the kind enjoyed by the "Oriental, Roman, and Anglican Churches" instead of the unity possessed by the eleven Scotch "Presbyterian bodies." What sort of unity is it? The unity of a Greek priest, a Roman priest, and Dr. Hopkins. The Greek and Roman priests wont admit Dr. Hopkins to their altars; wont recognize Dr. Hopkins as a minister of Christ; wont receive the sacrament of the Lord's Supper from his hands; wont enter the church in which he officiates—in a word, wont have any thing to do with him except to denounce him as a schismatic and a child of the devil. So the Greek feels toward the Romanist and the Romanist toward the Greek. "They are not one Church but" *three*. They are not one in any thing—not one in faith, not one in spirit, not one in worship. The eleven Scotch Presbyterian planets, moving each in its own orbit about the sun, sharing his glory, held by his power, filled with his warmth and life, are many, but they are one. Alas for the three antagonistic "bodies," who claim each for itself the apostolic succession and repudiate the right of the rest to recognition! Give us Protestant unity, which believes in individuality, in orbits, and in divers ministries under one all-dominating Spirit.

Will our readers remember the plea recently made for a fund to assist Dr. Thoburn in India? Read his letter over again, and let us open as Oxford Leaguers a campaign against infidel propagandism in India.

It is always refreshing to read John Wesley's Journal. There was a great deal of common sense in the man. Thursday, March 11, 1747, he writes: "I visit the class of which Robert Peacock is leader. I ask, 'Does this and this person in your class live in drunkenness or any outward sin? Does he go to church and use the other means of grace? Does he meet you as often as he has opportunity?' Now if Robert Peacock has common sense he can answer these questions truly; and if he has common honesty he will, and if not, some other in the class has both, and can and will answer for him. Where is the difficulty of finding out if there be any disorderly walker in this class, and, consequently, in any other? The question is not concerning the heart, but the life. And the general tenor of this I do not say cannot be known, but cannot be hid without a miracle."

Here is his record for Monday, September 24, 1750: "I reached Kingswood in the evening, and the next day selected passages of Milton for the eldest children to transcribe and repeat weekly. Thursday, 27, I went into the school, heard half the children their lessons, and then selected passages of the 'Moral and Sacred Poems.' Friday, 28, I heard the other half of the children. Saturday, 29, I was with them from four to five in the morning. I spent most of the day in revising Kenet's 'Antiquities,' and marking what was worth reading in the school. Wednesday, October 3, I revised, for the use of the children, Archbishop Potter's 'Grecian Antiquities,' a dry, dull, heavy book. Thursday, 4, I revised Mr. Lewis's 'Hebrew Antiquities;' something more entertaining, and abundantly instructive."

His record for Thursday, February 15, 1753, is useful yet: "I visited Mr. S—, slowly recovering from a severe illness. He expressed much love, and did not doubt, he said, inasmuch as I meant well, but that God would convince me of my great sin in writing books, seeing men ought to read no book but the Bible. I judged it quite needless to enter into a dispute with a sea-captain, seventy-five years old."

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

Perverted Words.

We have mentioned two or three words which no educated person should use at all, and have given a list of those words which resemble each other in form, but differ in finer shades of meaning.

There is still another class of words, words which are being turned from their original significations, and being made synonymous with other words. We have pointed out the danger which arises when careless people ignore the distinctions that exist between words perhaps only distantly related even in idea. The result is to weaken and destroy the power of our speech.

For example, let us take the word *transpire*. This comes from the Latin, and means "to breathe through," or, by a natural figure, "to leak out." This word is gradually losing its individuality, and coming to be accepted by careless or ignorant people as equivalent to *happen*. We may read in the morning paper: "It transpires that Gladstone will favor Home Rule for Ireland." This is a correct use of the word. It suggests the proper idea of "leaking out." We can imagine how one cabinet member may have told to another the news as a secret, and how a reporter may have overheard the conversation. On the same page of this very paper we may find another sentence something like this: "Many important events have *transpired* during the last week." Here the verb is used in the sense of *happen*. If this word is to be used indifferently in either sense its original and more delicate meaning will soon disappear.

Aggravate and *aggravating* are two words which we often use when we mean *irritate* and *irritating*. The Latin tells us that *aggravate* means to "weigh down more heavily," hence, "to make worse. "Exposure *aggravates* the disease." In this sentence the verb is correctly used. But when we say, "I was aggravated by his teasing manner," we make a serious mistake. We may be *irritated*, but never *aggravated*. The latter word cannot be properly applied to a person.

Aware is often used when *conscious* is the proper word, and *vice versa*. *Aware* refers to things outside of us, and *conscious* to things within us. "I was *aware* of a man's presence. I was *conscious* of being frightened."

It seems hardly necessary for us to mention the next word, and yet it is a sad reality that many people use *learn* in the sense of *teach*. It is truly amusing to hear the sentence, "If you don't do so and so, I *learn* you your manners." Polished manners, indeed, might be expected as a result of this "learning." We cannot characterize the class of people who make this mistake more severely than by remarking that they are also addicted to the word "gent."

At another time we shall mention a few other words which are incorrectly used. We urge our readers to fix firmly in mind the right meanings of the words *transpire* and *aggravate*, and do their best to preserve them.

Prof. Howell, of Harvard, Mass., delivered a lecture the other night in Boston on "Our Mother Tongue." The lecturer pleaded for a closer and more thorough study of our language, to which he alluded in the following words:

"Latin and Greek are well enough in their place, and this is a great one, but the language we heard from our mother's lips is one of the nearest and dearest friends we have. The English language is one of the most powerful instruments for accomplishing good or evil we possess. We prattle and pray, love and hate, scold and caress, encourage and discourage, teach and preach by means of this English language. How often people turn coldly away from us because we cannot tell the truth vividly, tenderly, powerfully in that language which we did not study at college? How many lawyers, teachers, and preachers, contented with a limited vocabulary and knowing 'that splendor of expression which carries with it the proof of great thoughts,' waste the energies of life and die as they lived, bungling, dull-edged workmen. Language and history are so closely related that each enriches the other. The historic growth of the English language becomes, then, from this fact an important part of our study of English.

Yankee Dialect.

We have had something to say about the tendency of our speech to become localized, and lose its national character. Many of these localisms and dialects are amusing in the extreme. Dr. Nichols has written a book, "Forty Years in America," from which we quote a short passage in illustration of the New England dialect:

"Inquire about his [the Yankee's] health, and he tells you he is 'so as to be crawlin'!' He talks of 'spunkin' up to an all-fired, tarnation slick gal, clean grit, I tell yeou neow;' and, naturally, he has 'a kinder sneakin' notion arter her.' If she were to tell him to 'hold his yawp,' he would admit that he felt 'kinder streaked, by golly!' He describes

a man as being 'handsome as a picter, but so tarnation ugly,' or as a 'thunderin' fool, but a clever critter as ever lived'—ugly being Yankee for wicked, and clever for good-natured. A plain girl is 'as homely as a hedge-fence.' A Yankee brags that he is 'a hull team and a hoss to let.' You can't 'tucker him eout.' It 'beats all natur heow he can go it when he gets his dander up.' He has 'got his eye-teeth cut, true as preachin'.' He gets 'hoppin' mad,' and 'makes all gee agin.' He is 'dreadful glad to see you,' and is 'powerful sorry you enjoy such poor health;' but read Lowell's Zeke Bigelow, or Mrs. Stowe's Sam Lawson."

Familiar Quotations.

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."—*Alexander Pope.*

"Let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale;
To watch the high embowered roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light."—*John Milton.*

RECREATION.

[In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.]

A Narrow-gauge Railroad.—No. II.

Two days after the last meeting, the directors of the *Enfield Narrow-gauge Railroad Company* met to hear the report of Superintendent Cantrell. He said that for a level road, 2 ft. gauge, 150 ft. long, the following was a fair estimate of cost:

75 hemlock ties (2 x 4 in. x 3 ft.)	$6 00
300 ft. hemlock stringers (2 x 2)	8 00
300 ft. half round iron rails 3-4 in. wide, drilled for screws every two feet	10 00
14 doz. 1-in. screws	1 40
Spikes	2 00
Total cost of construction	$27 40
Estimated cost of car	15 00
Total	$42 40

This left a surplus of $7 60 to meet running expenses, repairs, possible errors in the original estimate.

There was a strong movement to make the road an inclined plane, but it was shown by the superintendent that the cost of posts for raising the track would necessitate either shortening the road or increasing the capital, neither of which the directors felt inclined to do.

"Besides," said Sam Foot, "I think we can invent some kind of a motor and run it on a level, and that'll be more fun."

So it was voted to make it a level road.

The empty lot where the road was to be built was 50 ft. front and 180 ft. deep, just the size for the proposed track. The ties were ordered to be cut the right length—3 ft.—and the stringers came in 16 ft. lengths. When this material was on hand the directors, transformed into day laborers, began laying the ties two feet apart. Stakes were driven at each end of the road and a line stretched between them. The ties were marked with a chalk line in the center and then placed two feet apart, with the chalk marks just under the line. In this way the road was made straight.

Fortunately the ground was comparatively smooth, and only now and then was it necessary to remove a little mound of earth in order that a refractory tie might be made to lie in its proper place.

Putting down the stringers was a more difficult job, and one that required care and patience. The gauge of two feet must be exactly preserved. A piece of wood just two feet long was prepared and used as a guide. First one length of stringers was carefully laid along one side and spiked down. The other length was put down in a similar manner at the proper distance of two feet.

The reader must keep in mind that what we have described occupied the laboring magnates for a week after school hours, and it was not until Saturday that every thing was ready for laying the rails.

These rails came in 10 ft. lengths and were bored every two feet with screw-holes large enough to allow the screw-heads to sink in and not interfere with the car-wheels.

The rails were laid on the inside edges of the stringers and screwed firmly in place. Armed with a spirit-level the superintendent went over the road propping up a tie here and digging away from beneath another there, until the worst inequalities disappeared and the track was comparatively level.

Now all was ready for the car, which had been in process of construction at a neighboring carriage shop. Next week we shall give a picture of the car and describe its trial trip over the *Enfield Narrow-gauge Railroad.*

Definitions.

This is a game similar to Dumb Crambo in method, but without the acting.

No. 1 says: "The object I have in mind rhymes with fat." No. 2 asks, "Is it a covering for the head?" "It is not *hat.*" No 3: "Is it a nocturnal animal?" "It is not *bat.*" And so on, the players guessing the word by definition, which in turn No. 1 must guess and answer until both sides arrive at the same conclusion. If at any time No. 1 cannot guess the meaning from the definition, he must tell his word and be "it" again.

Beast, Bird, and Fish.

Make a circle and select one player for the center. It is his part to go quickly up to some one, and pointing his finger at him, mention one of the three classes of animals, beast, bird, or fish, and then begin to count. The one pointed at must name some animal under the class called for before the one in the center has counted ten. The results are sometimes very amusing. Beasts are mentioned when birds are called for, and birds answer to fish, until the game ends in general laughter.

No name can be repeated, and as soon as the one in the center can count his ten the one caught is "it" in his place.

The Five-Dot Game.

Any number can play, but each player must be provided with a sheet of white paper and a pencil. All must then mark five dots in any arrangement on the piece of paper before him, and pass it to his next neighbor at the left hand. He then takes the dotted paper which has been handed to him, and tries to draw on it some human figure in such a posture as to bring one of the five dots at the middle of the top of the forehead, one at the point of each foot, and one at each hand.

But no one must take longer than a certain time, say five or ten minutes, in making his picture. The results sometimes are very laughable, and the game calls for a good deal of invention and skill.

The fastest five-mile ice skating record was made at Picton, N. S., March 23. Henry Crowell of Halifax made the distance in 17 min. and 45 sec. His competitor was ahead until almost the end of the race, when he slipped and fell, thus giving the victory to Crowell.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

The new torpedo-boat, built for the English government, in London, by Yarrow & Co., has attained the wonderful speed of 24.027 knots, 27.66 miles an hour. This beats the record of the *Stiletto,* and makes the English craft the fastest in the world. With the finest navy and the fastest torpedo-boat, England is not yet prepared to give up her title of "Mistress of the sea."

The oldest Prot. Epis. church in this country, that in Williamsburg, Va., the church which contains the font in which Pocahontas was baptized, and which has numbered among its communicants George and Martha Washington, is reported to be badly in need of repairs.

The city of Granada, Spain, the capital of the province of the same name, was shaken on Sunday by an earthquake. The shock was of seven seconds' duration. The people were terrified and fled in all directions. No lives were lost.

A Warning.—Young man, I say to you, looking back to the fire where I lay scorching, looking back to the past, and standing as I do now under the arch of the bow, one end of which rests in darkness, and the other on the sunny slopes of paradise, I say to you, Beware! *touch not the accursed thing!* And God forbid that you should ever suffer as I have suffered, or be called to fight as I have fought for body and for soul.—*John B. Gough.*

The great south-western strike ended last week. Capitalists and laborers have both learned some lessons.

It was a remarkable conference, that between Powderly the representative of 50,000 working-men, and Gould the controller of $300,000,000 worth of railroads.

There seems to be little doubt now that the *Oregon* was really run down by the missing coal schooner whose small boat has been identified. If this matter is ever cleared up there will be a good many ingenious lawyers' theories for sale cheap.

Archbishop Lynch, in Canada, has been making some statements touching the character of the popes, claiming that ignorant historians have from time to time misrepresented them. A writer in one of the leading Toronto dailies says: "No historian that has ever lived has a brighter reputation for truthfulness than Hallam, and Henry Hallam's history exposes the abuses, corruptions, and licentious lives of the ancient ecclesiastics to their lasting disgrace. How can an infallible institution have a taint? Yet history is smoking with the filth of the early popes. Again, how could two popes at the same time be both infallible? . . . Every student of history knows that many, if not the majority, of the popes were designing, groveling politicians." It is the religious duty of the intelligent, wide-awake young Americans to beware of the sophistries and misrepresentations of the Church of Rome. The more plausible its pretensions and assertions the more likely to be false. Be willing to die in order to give Romanists a perfect right to worship God in this country according to the dictates of their own consciences, and be very careful and wise to prevent the Church of Rome from acquiring political power in this country.

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Norway.

(Area, 122,869 sq. miles; population, 1,806,900; ruler, the King of Sweden, Oscar II.)

NORWAY and Sweden make up the Scandinavian peninsula. The former is the northernmost country of Europe, lying wholly above the latitude of the United States and partly within the Arctic Circle; yet such is the influence of the Gulf Stream, which sweeps along the coast, that all portions of the kingdom are habitable throughout the year. The surface is generally mountainous, but the wooded slopes of the mountains furnish timber for ship-building and for export, and the valleys are suitable for farms and pasturage. The shores are indented with deep inlets or *fiords*, and are fringed with countless islands. The cod and herring fisheries employ 120,000 people. The chief exports are fish and timber. In proportion to its population Norway has the largest commercial navy in the world, and Norwegian sailors are to be found in every port. Iron and copper are mined in small quantities. The people are Lutherans with but few exceptions, and only members of that Church are admitted to the highest offices. Elementary education is compulsory, and prevails every-where. High schools are numerous, and there is one university. The public debt is not large, and was contracted mainly in building railways, of which there are 971 miles in the state. Christiania, the capital and largest town, has a population of 124,155. Other towns of more than 20,000 inhabitants are Bergen, Stavanger, Drontheim, and Drammen. Hammerfest, in the north, is the most northern village on the globe.

Norway, Sweden, and Denmark are closely connected in history. They are recognized as three distinct kingdoms as early as 850 A. D., and their people, the Norsemen, were the terror of the coasts of western Europe for ages. Bold Norwegian seamen settled Normandy in France, discovered Iceland, Greenland, and perhaps America, four or five centuries before Columbus. The kingdom embraced Christianity in the eleventh century. Incursions upon the unprotected coasts of the British Isles kept the English, Scotch, and Irish in terror until the end of the thirteenth century. The royal families of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark having intermarried, the three kingdoms were united by the Union of Calmar (1397). Sweden revolted and left the league in 1523, led by Gustavus Vasa, but Denmark continued to rule Norway until 1814, when the Congress of Vienna dissolved the union to punish Denmark for her adherence to the cause of Napoleon, giving the sovereignty of Norway to Sweden. The latter kingdom carried out this decree by force of arms. The administration of the two countries is separate except at a few points, and the Norwegians have resisted successfully every effort to reduce them to any thing like subjection to the Swedes. It is a case of personal union under a single ruler, each state retaining its own constitution and laws.

CALM autumn skies were o'er them, and the sea
Swelled in unwrinkled glass; they scarcely knew
How sped the voyage until Lindesnaes,
At first a cloud, stood fast, and spread away
To flanking capes, with gaps of blue between;
Then rose, and showed, above the precipice,
The firs of Norway climbing thick and high
To wilder crests that made the inland gloom.
In front the sprinkled skerries pierced the wave;
Between them, slowly glided in and out the
Tawny sails, while houses low and red
Hailed their return, or sent them fearless forth.
"This is thy Norway, Lars; it looks like thee,"
Said Ruth; "it has a forehead firm and bold;
It sets its foot below the reach of storms,
Yet hides, methinks, in each retiring vale,
Delight in toil, contentment, love, and peace."

. . . . . .

I love Old Norway's bleak, tremendous hills,
Where winter sits and sees the summer burn
In valleys deeper than yon cloud is high;
I love the ocean-arms that gleam and foam
So far within the bosom of the land;
I love the frank, brave habit of the folk,
The hearts unspoiled, though fed from ruder times,
And filled with angry blood.

—*From "Lars," by Bayard Taylor.*

The Riots in Belgium.

FOR ten days, commencing March 18, the Province of Liege in eastern Belgium was the theater of serious riots. This province is one of the most thickly populated districts of that crowded country, having 680,000 people within its 1,100 square miles of territory. Its chief city, Liege, which gives its name to the province, is a busy place of 130,000 inhabitants, and it is surrounded by a ring of flourishing manufacturing towns. The rich coal and iron mines of Belgium furnish both material and fuel for this region, which in times of prosperity is one of the first industrial centers of the world. But for some time business has been at a low ebb, orders have been few, and wages, always low, have been forced to a point at which the workmen felt compelled to strike. Their demands were, however, slighted, and they became desperate in the face of want. Socialists and Anarchists from Germany and France came among them and pointed out the iniquity of a social system which allowed them to starve while their employers lived in comfort or luxury.

These speeches had their natural effect, and the workmen, augmented by the criminals who are on hand at such times, ranged through the cities raiding butchers' and bakers' shops, and plundering factories. The military was called out, and many of the rioters were shot down or captured. In one instance they are said to have placed a band of two hundred women in the front rank to receive the fire of the soldiers, and many of the women were wounded. Driven from the towns by the troops the mobs took to the open country. Here, too, they met with a vigorous opposition; for Belgium is a land of small and thrifty farmers, who in this case banded together and with clubs and pitchforks drove the plunderers from their villages and homes. Nearly all the troops in the kingdom were required to restore order. It was announced on the first of April that the troubles were over, and the men were returning to their work in the mines and factories. Besides the loss of life, the damage to property in Liege and vicinity is said to exceed $3,000,000. The Belgian government attributes the outbreak to the influence of French Anarchists, and is taking measures to expel French journalists from the country.

The Distress at Achill.

THE condition of Ireland, poor, over-populated, and aggravated by the land troubles, is every-where so wretched as to command sympathy. But there is one section in which the horrors of impending famine have been added to the general distress. The little island of Achill lies off the western coast of Ireland in County Mayo. It is inhabited by a race of hardy fishermen, honest and industrious, but extremely poor. The cold storms which come in from the Atlantic combine with the natural sterility of the soil to render agriculture difficult. Potatoes are the only crop raised in any quantity. During the summer many of the people go to England and Scotland in search of employment, returning in the autumn with their earnings to the barren isle which they are proud to call their home.

The potato harvest of the island was spoiled last season by the unfavorable condition of the weather, and the yield was less than one fourth of the usual amount. As a result the whole crop was soon consumed, not even the seed supply being spared for another year. Reports of the threatened famine came to America months ago, and much has been done both in this country and in Great Britain to relieve the distress. In addition to the private relief committees, the English government has sent a commissioner to Achill and to the Arran Islands, which are in a similar starving condition, and in accordance with his recommendations gunboats have been dispatched to distribute aid to the sufferers. It is believed that the fishermen will be able to support themselves if they are helped now in two ways. Their boats are so small and their tackle so primitive that they can work only in fair weather. Moreover there is but one safe landing place for vessels in the forty miles of coast line which the island possesses. It is therefore proposed to provide the fishermen with better equipment and to build piers at the expense of the government. These undertakings if carried out should put it in the power of these simple people to earn the little which passes among them for the necessaries of life.

Our New Navy.

MILITARY questions are more prominent in this country at present than at any other time since the close of the war. Two bills aiming at the increase of the regular army in numbers and efficiency have been the subject of long and earnest discussion in the National Senate. Eminent men and influential journals are advocating the construction of an elaborate system of coast defenses, and the Naval Committee of Congress has in preparation a bill in which is outlined—what we have not possessed for twenty years — a modern navy. It is, perhaps, fortunate that this nation has not built a large fleet of heavily-armored vessels, for these are not only expensive but the advance in the manufacture and operation of torpedoes has rendered it at least doubtful whether it is expedient to equip a fleet of monster iron-clads which a few pounds of dynamite might destroy in a moment.

Our new Navy was begun in 1884, when contracts were awarded for three steel cruisers and a dispatch boat. These are of the latest British pattern, and being sea-going vessels will be a valuable addition to our monitors, which are only available for harbor defense. The main features have been announced of a new bill which is to be presented to Congress at this session. Ten ships are provided for, to be divided into four classes:

SECTION 1. Two sea-going armored vessels of about 6,000 tons displacement, designed for a sea speed of sixteen knots an hour, costing, exclusive of armament, not more than $2,500,000 each. These vessels shall have each a complete torpedo outfit, and be armed in the most effective manner.

Second—Three protected double-bottomed cruisers of not less than 3,500 nor more than 5,000 tons displacement. The cost of the three vessels, including engines and machinery, shall not exceed $4,000,000.

Two of these cruisers shall be provided with spars and rigging to spread at least two thirds full sail power, provided that the spars shall be easily removable in case of need, and they shall be armed in the most effective manner.

Third—Four first-class torpedo boats, costing in the aggregate not more than $400,000.

Fourth—One torpedo cruiser of about 800 tons displacement, with full torpedo outfit, high power rifle, and secondary battery armament, with steel deflective deck and sea speed of at least twenty-two knots. This vessel shall carry spars and masts for full fore-and-aft sail power, and shall cost complete, but excluding armament, not to exceed $300,000, which sum is appropriated.

SECTION 2. The vessels hereinbefore authorized shall be built of steel of domestic manufacture, having a tensile strength of not less than 50,000 pounds per square inch, and an elongation of not less than twenty per cent.

SECTION 3. The President is authorized to direct the completion as hereinafter provided of the double-turreted monitors *Puritan*, *Amphitrite*, *Monadnock*, and *Terror;* and the sum of $2,000,000 is appropriated.

SECTION 4. The armor used in constructing the armored vessels, and for completing the monitors, shall be of the best obtainable quality, and of domestic manufacture.

Pronunciation.

Ach'ill (Ak'-).
Am'phĭ-trī'te.
Ar'ran.
Berg'en.
Cal'mar.
Dram'men.
Dront'heim (-im).
Gus-tā'vus.
Ham'mer-fest.
Liege (Leej).
Māy'o.
Mō-nad'nŏck.
Na-pō'lē-on.
Scăn-dĭn-ā'vĭa.
Stă-văn'ger (-văng'-).
Vā'sa.
Vĭ-ĕn'na.

A Brief Survey.

The strike of railway employees in the South-west was ended by the efforts of the Executive Committee of the Knights of Labor, who persuaded the manager of the road to agree to arbitration to settle the difficulty. The men were ordered to return to work March 31, twenty-five days after they went out.——Hon. Daniel Manning, Secretary of the Treasury, is seriously ill from an attack of vertigo.——Reports from Arizona state that Geronimo, the Apache, surrendered March 27 with three chiefs, twenty-nine braves, and forty-eight squaws. A later dispatch says that Geronimo and twenty braves escaped during the following night.——A fire at Key West, March 30, destroyed $1,500,000 worth of property.——The waters of Lake Michigan are said to be rising at the rate of four inches annually. At Chicago the waters have risen two feet and one half in the last seven years.——The schooner which sank the Cunarder *Oregon* is thought to be the *Charles H. Morse*, which left Baltimore for Boston a month ago, and has not been heard from.——The Canadian steamer *Lansdowne* is engaged in police duty along the coast of Nova Scotia to prevent American fishermen from infringing the treaty regulations.

Messrs. Chamberlain and Trevelyan have resigned from Mr. Gladstone's cabinet on account of their inability to approve his Irish measures, and their places have been filled by the appointment of Mr. Stansfeld and Lord Dalhousie. Mr. Gladstone has given notice that his Irish Government Bill will be presented to the House of Commons April 8, the National Budget, or Appropriation Bill, on April 12, and the scheme for settling the Irish land troubles April 15. The House of Commons has rejected a proposition to disestablish the Scottish Church.——An Austrian paper declares that Prince Alexander is about to be proclaimed King of Bulgaria by his army.——German politics are exciting. Prince Bismarck, disgusted with the opposition of the Imperial Parliament, is credited with planning the overthrow of its power of obstruction. It was feared that the bill to extend for two years the laws against the socialists would share the fate of the Brandy Bill, and the emperor sent a personal appeal to the Reichstag in its favor. The bill was passed and the law will remain in force for two years longer.——By an explosion of giant powder in the canal-works at Panama, March 30, ten persons were killed and forty wounded.——The French chamber has passed the bill authorizing cremation as a mode of burial.——Archbishop Trench, of Dublin, Ireland, a poet of distinction and an eminent writer upon theology and language, died March 28. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.——In a speech in the Canadian Parliament, at Ottawa, March 30, Mr. McClellan, the Minister of Finance, reported the cost of suppressing the Riel rebellion to have been $2,502,936.

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A leading Indiana merchant writes: "I subscribed for OUR YOUTH on faith for my boy, and having read both numbers, I feel like saying, "Admirable, admirable," and as I expect to read every number, as doubtless every one will who sees it, I suggest that you include parents as well as teachers among your readers. OUR YOUTH is just what our youth have needed, a bright, fresh, crisp publication that will be warmly welcomed by our boys and girls."

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"Dr. J. H. Vincent has made a decided hit. He has begun the issue of a new sixteen-page journal entitled OUR YOUTH, and adapted to young people. It came to our house, and we handed it to *our* youth. It was read, and our youth asked us to subscribe for it. 'It is a dandy,' 'It is better than the "Youth's Companion,"' and the like, were the compliments it received. It is destined to be a decided success, if merit, interest, and attractiveness can make any thing a success. Dr. Vincent edits it, and that is praise enough."—*Iowa Prohibitionist, Jan.* 7, 1886.

GRAND SERVICE TO THE CHURCH.

A pastor of one of our foremost churches writes: "I want personally and specially to thank you for the grand way you led Harry in OUR YOUTH. The counterpart of Harry is so often at hand. Young people for insufficient reasons drift from the Church of their fathers. You did the Church grand service by the article."

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"Your conduct of OUR YOUTH leaves nothing to be desired in the matter of a weekly paper for our young people. Our daughter S—— is perfectly delighted with it after taking the three periodicals for young people which confessedly have stood at the head. For Methodists and young Christians OUR YOUTH is better than the best of its competitors.

"C. M. HEARD."

THE GRAND HIT OF THE CENTURY.

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"I have read the new weekly edited by the Rev. Dr. Vincent, entitled OUR YOUTH, with increasing interest as the numbers have appeared. In originality of plan and execution, in the broad scope of its material, and in adaption to our young people, the whole land over, I know of nothing which is at all like it. It can hurt no other of our issues, for it covers ground which no one covers.

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Jest and Youthful Jollity.

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*

—The child who wants to swallow sleeve-buttons should be given a couple of cuffs.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—Gentleman (holding a revolver in his hand addresses a trembling burglar)—"What do you want?"

Burglar (taking in the situation)—"Time to get out."

—Overheard in a street-car: First lady—"Why, you know, dear, my husband is too forgetful for any thing. Why, do you know, when he goes out he really don't remember where he is going."

Second lady—"Well, all men are alike. They keep on talking, and half the time they forget where they are going."

First lady (to the conductor)—"Stop at College Street, please."

Conductor—"Two blocks back, madam."—*New Haven News.*

—Young lady (to a dandy for whom she has been waiting)—"You are late, sir; did you have so far to walk?"

Dandy (who has walked)—"My cabby was half an hour behind time," he loftily responded. "I ought to have thrashed the rascal."

Young lady—"So you should have done, the careless fellow. Not only for tardiness, but also for keeping his carriage in such a slovenly condition. The mud must have been an inch deep in the bottom of it."

The dandy follows her eyes down to his feet, where he sees that he has neither brushed the proof of his walk from the shoes nor rearranged the rolled up bottoms of his trousers.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Citizen (to homœopathic physician)—"I haven't seen your partner, Dr. Pellet, recently. Is he out of town?"

Homœopathic physician—"He has charge of our Albany branch office."

Citizen—"Have you much practice in Albany?"

Homœopathic physician—"No, none at all. Dr. Pellet stays in Albany for the purpose of mixing our medicine. You see he pours a few drops of our powerful remedies in the Hudson River every morning, and on the following morning I dip out what I want off Jersey City. In that way we get the correct proportions."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Missionary—"Yes, my dear sir, the human frame is a wonderful piece of mechanism. Just see the power in the limbs, and then the capabilities of the brain. The brain, after all, is the best part of the man."

Reformed cannibal—"I never used to think much of it."—*Tid-Bits.*

—First boy—"Do you know what that is?"

"Why, yes," answered the other, "that is a donkey. I have seen lots of them in the theological gardens."—*Ex.*

—Stranger (to fellow-passenger)—"Excuse me, but am I not right in taking you for a professional man?"

Fellow-passenger—"Yes, sir."

Stranger—"Thanks. It's not often I make a mistake in judging my fellow-men. Your work is head work altogether, of course?"

Fellow-passenger—O yes, sir, entirely so."

Stranger—"Er—lawyer?"

Fellow-passenger—"No, sir; barber."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A San Francisco family recently engaged a young girl from the East who advertised that she had been "four years in her last place." The family subsequently learned that she would have remained longer than four years in her last place if the governor had not pardoned her when he did.—*Ex.*

—The "brewers" should to "Malta" go,
The "boobies" all to "Scilly,"
The "Quakers" to the "Friendly Isles,"
The "furriers" to "Chili."
The little snarling, caroling "babes"
That break our nightly rest
Should be packed off to "Baby-lon,"
To "Lap-land," or to "Brest."
"Spinsters" should to the "Needles" go,
"Wine-bibbers" to "Burgundy;"
"Gourmands" should lunch at "Sandwich Isles,"
"Wags" at the Bay of "Fun-dy,"
"Bachelors" flee to "United States,"
"Maids" to the "Isle of Man,"
And "gardeners" go to "Botany Bay,"
And "shoe-blacks" to "Japan."

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